



395  
US

FEBRUARY

MICK  
LEE

# DEAD & MAY CRY



MICHAEL  
TURNER

BOOK ONE

## EVIL WOMAN





395  
US  
MARCH

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DEVIL MAY CRY



BOOK ONE  
Evil Woman





# DEVIL MAY CRY

395  
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BOOK ONE

EVIL WOMAN

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DEVIL MAY CRY



BOOK ONE  
EVIL WOMAN





395  
THE  
MAY

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DEVIL MAY CRY

BOOK ONE  
EVIL WOMAN



STORY  
BRAD MICK

ART  
PAT LEE

BACKGROUNDS  
EDWIN GARCIA

COLORS  
LINDA BERGKVIST  
& THIERRY DIOZON

LETTERS  
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BOOK

# ONE

EVIL WOMAN



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THE DEMON WORLD:  
2,000 YEARS AGO.

MUNDUS!  
FACE ME,  
DEVIL!

HMMM...THE  
LEGENDARY DARK  
KNIGHT SPARDA...





...IF THE SOLE INTENT  
OF THIS MELODRAMATIC  
LITTLE TIRADE WAS TO  
AGGRAVATE ME...

...THEN LET  
ME ASSURE YOU,  
BOY--

--THAT YOU HAVE  
SUCCEEDED BEYOND  
MEASURE!

NOW--  
COME...



CURSE YOU,  
MUNDUS!

...LET  
US FINISH  
THIS!

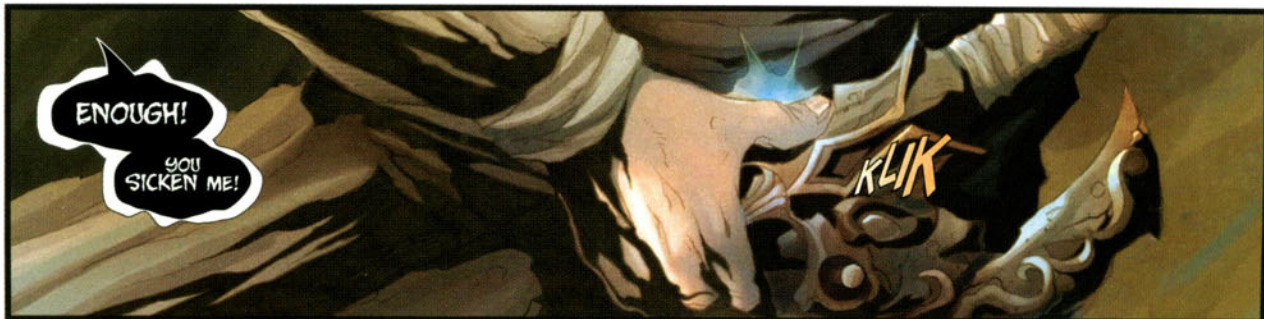


TODAY YOUR  
DARK REIGN COMES  
TO AN END!



HFFF...  
INDEED.





ENOUGH!

YOU  
SICKEN ME!



ARRRR!

UNGRATEFUL  
WORM!

I HAVE GIVEN YOU  
YOUR EVERY DESIRE--ONLY  
TO HAVE YOU DISGRACE ME  
BY PLEDGING YOUR UNDYING  
ALLEGIANCE--



--TO  
THEM?!

WHY?!

WHY DO YOU  
LOVE THEM SO? THEY  
ARE NOTHING MORE  
THAN ANIMALS--



--MISERABLE  
PLAYTHINGS OF A  
BORED CREATOR.

YARR!

WE ARE THE CHOSEN.  
AND IT IS WE WHO ARE DESTINED  
TO RULE! CAN IT BE THAT THEY  
HAVE TAINTED YOUR BLOOD? HAVE  
YOU SO QUICKLY SPURNED YOUR  
NOBLE HERITAGE?



OR HAVE YOU  
SUCCEMBED TO THEIR  
PRIMITIVE NATURE?

TELL  
ME, BOY, IS THAT  
IT? HAVE YOU BECOME  
ONE OF THEM?



HA! IS IT TRUE THEN?  
HAS THE ONCE GREAT DEMON  
KNIGHT SPARDA BEEN REDUCED  
TO NOTHING MORE THAN A  
LUSTFUL MONKEY?

NONETHELESS,  
YOUR PATHETIC CRUSADE  
IS DOOMED!

ALL THAT YOU CHERISH--  
YOUR KINGDOM, YOUR WORLD,  
THOSE BELOVED LITTLE MONKEYS  
OF YOURS--SOON IT SHALL ALL BE  
DESTROYED... CRUSHED WITHIN MY  
MERCILESS GRIP!



NOW WORM,  
PREPARE FOR THE  
MISTRESS OF DEATH'S  
COLD EMBRACE.

...NN...N...



NEVER!

RAAAH!

I SHALL PURGE  
THIS WORLD OF YOUR  
CURSED EXISTENCE ONCE  
AND FOR ALL!

EVEN IF I MUST  
SACRIFICE MY OWN LIFE.  
I WILL RIP OUR WORLD OF  
YOUR EVIL-OF YOUR  
TYRANNY!

ERRR!

IT ENDS.  
MUNDUS...

KRUNCH!

...NOW AND  
FOREVER...

IT ENDS.

Noooooo!



BLT...BLUH...BLUH...BLUH...



NO!



NO! OH, GOD! GET AWAY FROM ME!



EARTH:  
THE PRESENT.



NO...

NO...

NO...

OH, GOD...

NO...



"DANTE? YEAH,  
I HEARD OF HIM."



"BEEN DOIN' THIS FER A  
WHILE, AND--BELIEVE ME--I SEEN  
IT ALL. *BUT* THAT FELLA...WELL,  
HE'S *SOMETHIN' ELSE*--A REAL  
*SPECIAL CASE*."



"ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS  
HOMBRES I EVER RUN INTO--LIGHTNIN'  
QUICK WITH A *TEMPER* TO MATCH.  
HELL...MOST THE TIME YOU *CAN'T*  
EVEN *SEE* HIM COMING."



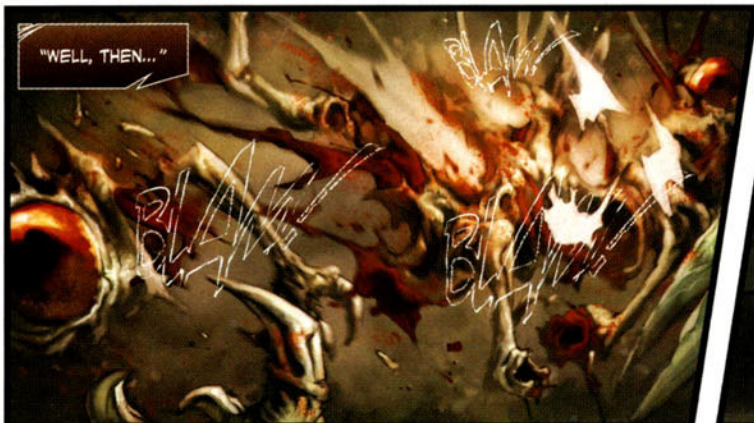
"AND EVEN IF YOU ARE *LUCKY*  
ENOUGH TO CATCH A GLIMPSE'A  
THAT SONBITCH--"




"...IT'S PROBABLY  
TOO LATE."



"WELL, THEN..."







"THING ABOUT OL' DANTE  
IS HE'S AS *STRANGE* AS  
HE IS *GOOD*."



"BUT I AIN'T TALKIN'  
YOUR *STANDARD* MERC  
MEAT HERE."



"I MEAN, I SEEN HIM DIVE  
*HEAD-FIRST* INTO A ROOM  
FULL OF KILLERS WITHOUT  
BATTIN' SO MUCH AS  
AN EYE."




"NOPE! THAT BOY'S GOT HIMSELF  
SOME SORT'A FETISH FOR THE  
*WEIRDER* THINGS IN LIFE."



"YOU COULD OFFER HIM THE  
*TAJ MAJAL*, THE *ROYAL JEWELS*  
AND *BRITNEY SPEARS*--AND HE'D  
STILL SAY *NO* IF IT WASN'T HIS  
TYPE'A JOB."

*SPLOOSH!*



"HE SURE AS HELL AIN'T IN  
IT FOR THE *FAME* OR THE  
*FORTUNE*. NOW, SAY IT'S  
SOME *SPOOKY* CRAP LIKE  
A HAUNTED HOUSE OR AN  
EXORCISM--THEN YOU JUST  
MIGHT HAVE HIS  
ATTENTION."

*SPLOOSH!*



*SPLASH!*

"DON'T MATTER IF THERE'S  
A REWARD OR NOT. BECAUSE  
WHEN IT COMES TO THE  
*SUPERNATURAL*..."









OKAY, *BEAUTIFUL*...  
LET'S NOT DO ANYTHING  
TOO RASH HERE...



JUST *RELAX*...  
EVERYTHING'S  
COOL....



HEL...  
*MMMMPH?*

COME ON,  
NOW. JUST GIVE ME  
THE *GIRL*, AND WE  
CAN CALL IT A  
*NIGHT*.

*BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM*

NOW DON'T  
BE LIKE THAT, CUTIE.  
I'M NOT LOOKING FOR  
ANY *TROUBLE*.

LIKE I SAID:  
EVERYTHING'S...



*COOM!*



...



*BURGH!*  
*BURGH!*





"HE'S ONE OF THE  
BEST THERE IS."



"--NO DOUBT  
ABOUT IT."

"ONE OF THE TOUGHEST  
BASTARDS I EVER SEEN,  
*PERIOD*--A REGULAR  
COLD-HEARTED KILLING  
MACHINE."

UHHH...

"MAKES YOU WONDER WHAT  
KIND A *BLOOD* FLOWS THROUGH  
A SON OF A BITCH LIKE THAT'S  
VEINS. BUT IT AIN'T HIS *SIZE*, HIS  
*SKILLS*, OR..."







GOOD OL' WOOZY. COME HERE, GIRL...

... BACK TO PAPA.

"...EVEN THAT DAMNED SWORD OF HIS."

HEY...

"IT'S THOSE EYES THAT TELL ME HE'S A NATURAL BORN KILLER. TRUST ME, IF YOU SAW 'EM YOU'D KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT."

...ON YOUR FEET, BABE--IT'S TIME TO BLOW THIS HELLHOLE.

"NO DOUBT ABOUT IT: ONE LOOK INTO THOSE EYES OF HIS AND, I TELL YA..."

"...EVEN THE DEVIL MAY CRY."





YOU STILL  
SURE YOU WANT  
TO FIND THIS  
*GUY*?



THANKS FOR  
THE INFO, OLD-TIMER,  
BUT I'M A *BIG GIRL*.  
I CAN TAKE CARE  
OF *MYSELF*.



I'M JUST SAYING,  
HONEY, A SWEET LITTLE  
THING LIKE YOU... YOU  
SURE YOU WANNA GET  
MIXED UP WITH THE  
LIKES'A HIM?

A GUY LIKE  
THAT AIN'T NOTHIN'  
BUT TROUBLE.

I APPRECIATE  
THE CONCERN ENZO,  
BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT. I  
DON'T MIND A LITTLE  
*TROUBLE*...



I'M *NOT*  
EXACTLY AN *ANGEL*.  
MYSELF.



LATER

AH,  
HOME, SWEET  
HELLHOLE.

WHEW!  
WHAT A  
NIGHT.

RING RING

RING RING

GEEZ! ALL  
RIGHT, ALREADY!  
KEEP YER SHIRT  
ON!

SHLUKK

MOM  
ALWAYS SAID  
THERE'D BE  
NIGHTS LIKE  
THIS.

RING RING

A  
FULL MOON...  
PERFECT.





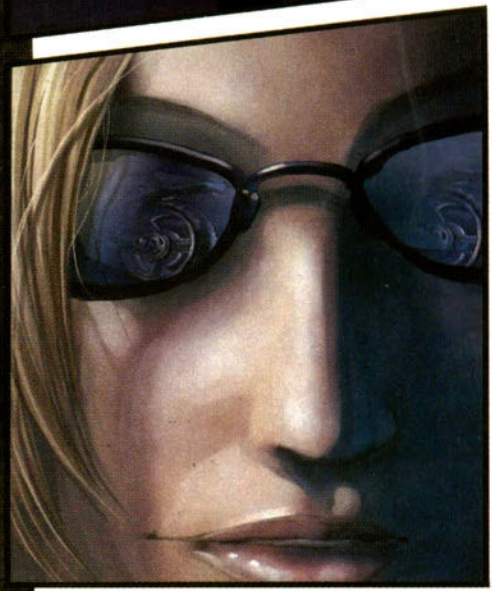
"THAT  
EXPLAINING  
A LOT."



"I BET IT'S JUST  
RAINING WHACKJOBS  
TONIGHT."



HHMMM...



"DEVIL  
MAY CRY..."





...YOU GOT THE  
PASSWORD?

...UH, SORRY,  
WE CLOSED AT 9.  
CALL BACK--

VRIMMVRIMMVRIMM

--WHAT  
THE?

THAT  
SOUNDS  
LIKE--



--MY  
BIKE!

SHRAK

WHOA!

WHAT'S THE  
HURRY THERE,  
MAMA?



DANTE,  
IS IT?

I HOPE I  
HAVEN'T DISTURBED  
YOU, BUT IT'S  
URGENT--



--URGENT,  
HUH? WELL, THE  
LITTLE GIRLS'  
ROOM'S IN BACK.  
FEEL FREE.

JUST  
MAKE SURE  
TO FLUSH.



IS IT TRUE  
THEN THAT YOU'RE  
THE *MERCENARY*  
WHO'LL TAKE ANY  
DIRTY JOB?

WELL, THAT  
ALL DEPENDS,  
HONEY...



...WHO'S  
ASKING?

DOES IT REALLY  
MATTER? SHOULDN'T  
YOU BE USED TO THIS  
SORT OF *THING* BY  
NOW?

WHAT  
SORT OF  
*THING*?









HAI!  
SWORD?!



COME ON,  
BOYS--



--TIME  
TO GO TO  
WORK.

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

KRAK!

KRAK!



RAAARRR!

I TRIED TO  
PLAY IT COOL  
WITH YOU.



THOOM!

UHHH!

BUT WHEN  
YOU MESS WITH A  
MAN'S RIDE, THAT'S  
WHEN THINGS GET  
PERSONAL.





AND, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED...



...THAT'S WHEN THINGS GET UGLY.

OKAY, MISS, YOU'VE MANAGED TO TOP OFF WHAT WAS ALREADY SHAPING UP TO BE A WONDERFUL EVENING.

SO, I SUGGEST THAT YOU START EXPLAINING YOURSELF...



...BEFORE THINGS GET ANY UGLIER.



WHA...WHAT THE HELL?!

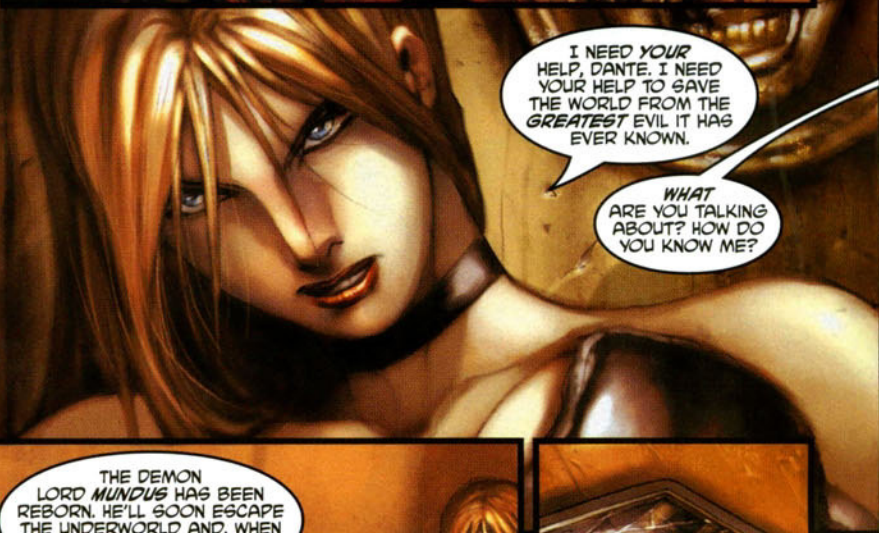
DANTE! I'M SORRY...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...

I HAD TO BE SURE.

WHO ARE YOU, WOMAN? TELL ME NOW!

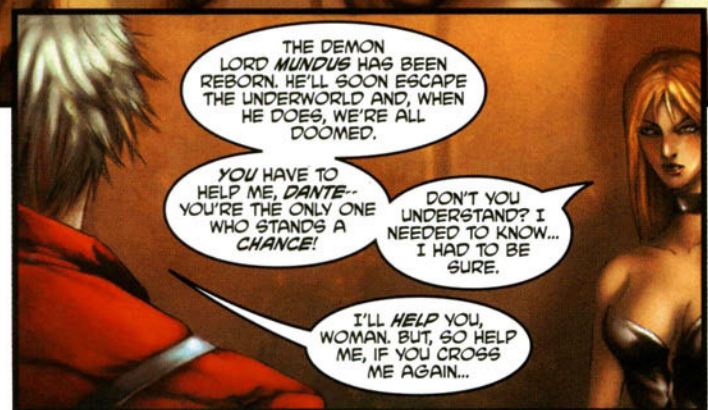


MY NAME IS TRISH.



I NEED YOUR HELP, DANTE. I NEED YOUR HELP TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE GREATEST EVIL IT HAS EVER KNOWN.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HOW DO YOU KNOW ME?



THE DEMON LORD *MUNDUS* HAS BEEN REBORN. HE'LL SOON ESCAPE THE UNDERWORLD AND, WHEN HE DOES, WE'RE ALL DOOMED.

YOU HAVE TO HELP ME, DANTE-- YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO STANDS A CHANCE!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I NEEDED TO KNOW... I HAD TO BE SURE.

I'LL HELP YOU, WOMAN. BUT, SO HELP ME, IF YOU CROSS ME AGAIN...



...THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY.

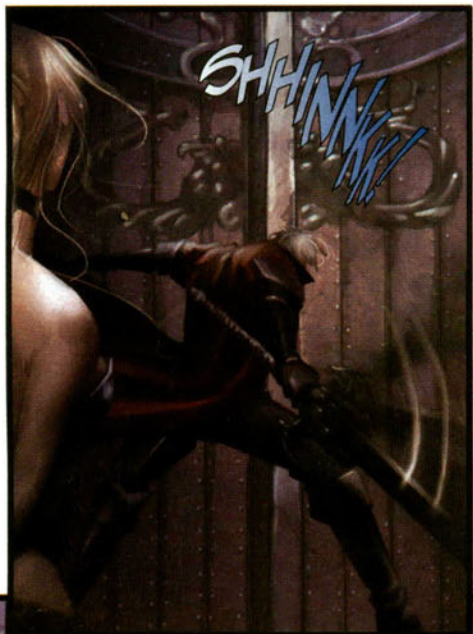




"THIS IS IT...MALLET ISLAND. TWENTY YEARS AGO, THE LAST REMAINING GROUP OF HIS FOLLOWERS CAME HERE."

"IT'S HERE THAT THEY BEGAN THE PROCESS. THEY SOUGHT TO RESURRECT HIM, TO BREATHE NEW LIFE INTO THE FORMER RULER OF THE UNDERWORLD."

"THEY'RE ALL GONE NOW... MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARING WITHOUT A TRACE. BUT SOMETHING STILL DWELLS IN THAT CASTLE... SOMETHING NOT OF THIS WORLD. AND I FEAR THAT IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING."



SHINK!



WHOA.

THIS IS IT. LET'S GO--

--WE MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE.



WELL, HOW'RE WE GETTIN' IN?

THINK THEY LEFT A KEY UNDER THE MAT?

YOU'RE RIGHT.



LET'S SPLIT UP!

KOOH

WHA?!



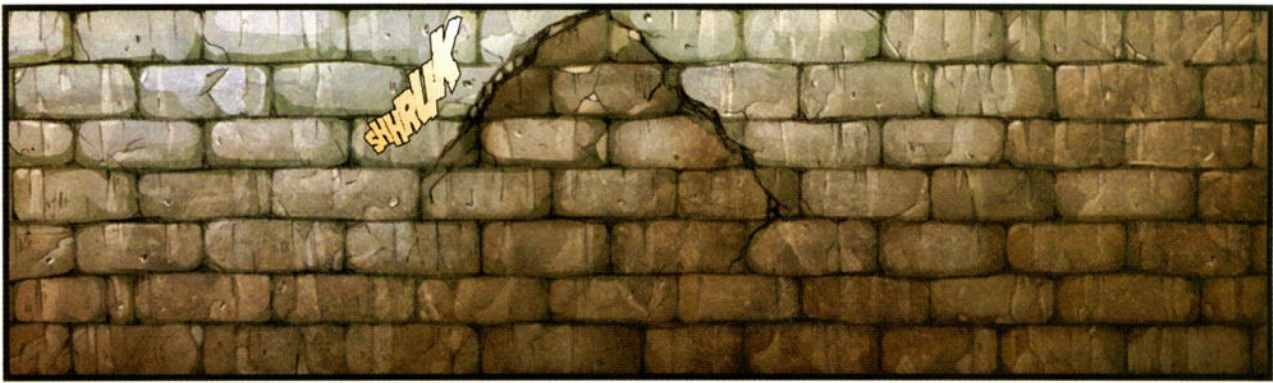
I'LL CHECK THE FRONT GATES.

YOU TRY AND SEE IF THERE'S A BACK ENTRANCE.

UH, YEAH, SURE...I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT.

...YOU'RE JUST CHOCK FULL OF SURPRISES, AIN'T YA, SWEETHEART?









HMMM...



SO, IS THIS YOUR CRIB, BIG GUY?



LOVE THE DECOR...



...VERY~



RRRRRR!









...HRRMMM...



"WHAT JUST HAPPENED?  
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT...  
NEVER FELT IT LIKE THIS  
BEFORE..."



AH--MY  
HEAD...FEELS LIKE  
MY...BRAIN'S ON  
FIRE.



AH...WHAT  
THE?!



"...NEVER  
EXPERIENCED  
SOMETHING SO  
INTENSE...SO..."



...EVIL...



"ALMOST  
UNABLE TO CONTROL--  
ARRRR--ENOUGH."



GET IT  
TOGETHER,  
DANTE!









TALK ABOUT  
SCREWED-UP  
PRIORITIES.



LOOKS LIKE THE  
PREVIOUS TENANTS WERE  
WAY AHEAD OF THEIR TIME...  
MASTERS OF EVERYTHING  
FROM ARCHITECTURE  
TO AVIATION.

YET, ODDLY  
ENOUGH NOT ONE  
TRACE OF INDOOR  
PLUMBING.



AND WHAT  
GIVES WITH ALL  
THESE CREEPY  
PUPPETS?



THUD!



HNNP



WHOA!

SHINK!



GREAT...  
LIKE I SAID...  
ONE OF THOSE  
NIGHTS...





BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM



YAH!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

KRUNK!



LOOKS LIKE  
THERE'S ONLY  
ONE WAY OUT  
HERE.



AND  
THAT'S...




...THE  
HIGHROAD!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!






GOOD JOB,  
FELLAS. YOU *NEVER*  
DISAPPOINT.

OH, WHERE  
ARE MY MANNERS?  
UNDEAD PUPPETS MEET  
*EBONY AND IVORY*  
MEET--




HOO!  
BAD MOVE,  
GONZO!

SHHHH THUK!



I COULD  
SMELL YOUR ROTTEN  
ASS COMIN' A MILE  
AWAY.



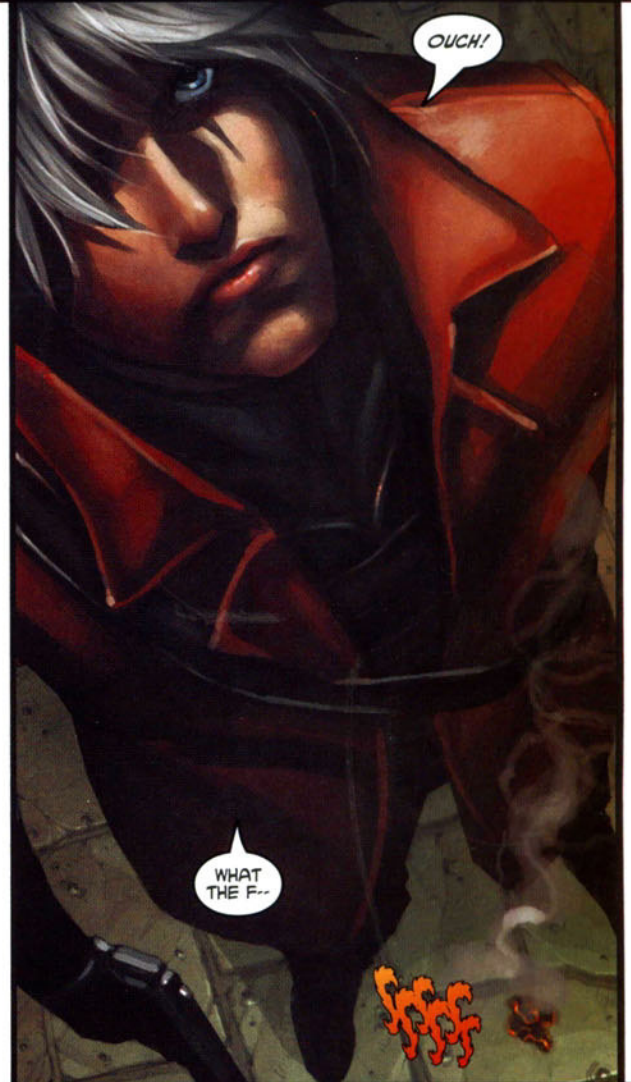
CRUNCH

YOU SHOULD OF  
KNOWN BETTER THAN TO  
TRY AND BUST A MOVE  
LIKE THAT ON ME.













RRRRRRRR!

...YOU  
GOTTA BE  
KIDDING  
ME.

TO BE  
CONTINUED.